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REAWAKENING.

O FULLNESS of the earth and sea,
O splendors of the sky,
Have ye no power wherewith to stay
The voice whose music ebbs away,
The song whose accents die?

For, as in him whose days are done,
Whose sands of life run low,
Spirit and senses faint and fail,
And round about grow dim and pale
Starlight and sunset's glow,

To chilly ashes sinks and fades
The flame of all desire,
And mute, as though no feeblest strain
It evermore could sound again,
Hangs the long silent lyre,

Where love itself can wake no more
Its wonted tender lay;
For love but glimmers from afar,
E'en like some white, swift-dying star,
Through shifting shadows gray.

And, like a bird whose heavy wings
In vain would rise on high,
Unto dim earth my soul alone
Can cleave, nor reach God's sunlit throne,
Nor send to Him its cry.

Yet praise to Him, the dawn is near,
The hour of night is past,
Faint life revives and earth grows fair,
As on my lips this dumb despair
Bursts into song at last!

STUART STERNE.

GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Continued from page 10.)

I RETURN to M. Karasowski's observation, made, he asserts, by "a lady," on the occasion of that evening party at which George Sand and Chopin met for the last and only time after their separation, — the assertion that George Sand "begged Chopin to improvise at the piano while she wrote, and thus, inspired by his playing, she produced her best romances." With all due deference to the lady who displays such intimate familiarity (?) with the habits of George Sand and Chopin while engaged in artistic occupation, I doubt the possibility of successful literary labor under such a condition. As far as we may judge from their own accounts, and those of their friends, Chopin and Mme. Dudevant were accustomed, when residing under the same roof, to pursue their occupations apart from and independent of each other. She expressly says that when at Valdemosa she wrote "in solitude." Chopin, when residing in one of Mme. Sand's

pavilions at Paris, was much engaged, during the day, in teaching, the intermittent, yet attention-compelling noise of which was not likely to prove especially inviting to her muse. If it occasionally happened that they pursued their avocations together, — if George Sand, the enthusiastic lover of all art, especially of music, sat within hearing of Chopin's improvisation while writing her romances, — we may be almost certain that she either paused to listen, or, if she continued to write, did not listen at all, and consequently was not "inspired by his playing while she wrote." For the music of Chopin demands, nay, commands, the closest, the most wrapt attention from an intellectual and musically constituted listener. How much more must it not have compelled this when enhanced by all the perfection of performance, the poetic grace, the fervor, that characterized its composer! This romance-writing of George Sand "to music" sounds too much like the magical invocations of witchcraft; and will the spirits rise "when you do call for them" under such circumstances? Apart from the question as to whether they were invoked, and did respond in this especial case, we may doubt the power of any artist to excite, by the exercise of his artistic powers, another artist to immediate activity in his; and although such a result is of occasional occurrence, it is the least powerful form in which the influence of one mind can manifest itself upon that of another. True influence, lasting inspiration, is more occult, penetrates more deeply, and displays itself less superficially. As George Sand herself has said: "The combination of the arts must be sought for within the depths of the soul; but, as they do not all speak the same language, they can only be affected by and explain themselves to each other through the most mysterious analogies, in which, after all, each one only expresses itself."

But by what of beautiful, by whom among the gifted that she knew, was George Sand, "the sonorous soul, the Æolian harp of his time," as Renan has called her, not inspired in some way? Generously glad to give honor where she fancied it to be due, she sometimes imagined that she derived inspiration from sources on which she really bestowed it, often overvaluing her friends, and projecting the rays of her own genius and warm feeling on unworthy objects. In one of his "Causeries," Sainte-Beuve writes: "Though people say of George Sand that when she speaks of her friends she becomes an echo that multiplies the voice, I say that far from merely multiplying the voices of her supposed inspirers, she absolutely renders them unrecognizable." And again, in another essay: "This illustrious author imagined for a time that Gustave Planche was a great critic, able to unveil all the mysteries of language to her; he certainly corrected her proofs with tolerable exactitude, but not without destroying some of the graces of her style." She lent the charm of her eloquence, in gratitude, to whatever caused her heart to beat in unison with the joys and sorrows of her fellows, their passions, politics, or philosophy, during her brave and continual search for truth, amid all her errors and illusions never losing her

deep, instinctive faith in God, or her humanitarian optimism. Like all true artists and poets, she echoed or reflected all she felt or witnessed in the experience of others; and, next to love, beyond all things art, — and nature, the foundation, the life, the soul of art. Not by right of distinct, artistic genius, or by means of study, but through her intimate feeling for nature, she has often sounded profound psychical truths and æsthetic principles. Yet we should greatly err were we to apply to her the often misapplied title of "art-critic." Say, rather, that she knew exactly how to give prompt and correct expression to the warm and noble emotion with which all true art inspired her. Witness a few of her remarks on this subject: "There is only one truth in art, beauty; one in morality, goodness; one in politics, justice. But if any of us should attempt to restrict the frame, and exclude from it all that is not beautiful, good, and just, according to us, we should deface the image of the ideal, and be left alone with our own opinions. For the limits of truth are vaster than any of us suppose. . . . The only really important and useful works on art are those tending to excite admiration for great art-works, and consequently to enlarge and elevate the enthusiasm of the reader. All other criticism is cold, evil, puerile pedantry. . . . Art and poetry are the two wings of the soul. Let the notes they strike be terrible or delicious, these awaken within us an instinct of sublimity that lies slumbering or ignored by us, or renew it when they find it exhausted by suffering or fatigue." And again, when alluding to her artistic aspirations, in a letter to Victor Hugo: "I fear I was wrong in supposing myself predestined to artistic creativeness. I am too contemplative, too much like a child. I wish to seize, embrace, understand everything at once; and, after such little puffs of misplaced ambition, I often happen to fall with all my weight on a mere nothing, a blade of grass, a small insect that passionately delights me, and which suddenly, by what prestige I know not, seems to me as great and complete, as important in my emotional life, as the sea, volcanoes, empires and their sovereigns, the ruins of the Coliseum, the pope, the dome of St. Peter's, Raphael and all the masters, and the Medicean Venus into the bargain! Perhaps I love Nature too well to be able to interpret her reasonably; so call me 'artist' no more, but only 'friend,' as we term the weary and unfortunate who hesitate on the way, and whom we encourage to proceed, meanwhile pitying their sorrows."

Among those of her intimate friends in the world of art whom we may conjecture to have exerted some influence on the development and the works of George Sand, we find as many painters as musicians; for Chopin, Pauline Garcia, and Liszt, we have Calamatta, Clesinger, Delacroix, Fromentin, and others; her style is picturesque as well as musical, and her subjects are often borrowed from the art of painting. And if, on the other hand, we glance at the varied results of the inspiration that flowed from her, let

1 *Nouvelles Lettres d'un Voyageur*. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: Lévy. 1877.

us not forget the assertion of some of her admirers, that she created a revolution in the entire school of French landscape painting among her contemporaries. All unprejudiced observers of the progress of art and literature will so far agree with this as to admit that, but for the pen that brought French scenery, especially that of Berry, into fashion even in France itself, — but for George Sand's extraordinary truth of descriptive detail in conveying not only the large general impression, but also the inward individual expression of landscapes, — such men as Daubigny, Dupré, Theodore Rousseau, and their followers, would have sought to illustrate foreign scenes and subjects more often. It was this powerful literary influence that kept pictorial fancy busy at home. It is at least certain that George Sand's contemporaries were the first among French painters to abandon those classic models of imaginative design which they found in the landscapes of Rubens, Rembrandt, Watteau, and others, and to substitute, in place of noble but conventional embodiments of fantastic reverie, the actual aspects of Nature; and not merely her outward realism, but her picturesque accidents, her varied expressions, interpreted by their own lyric individuality; thus using a landscape site to express their emotions, as a poet interweaves his feelings with an event that occurs outside of his own experience. Before the appearance of this school of landscape art in France, we may look in vain for any exposition of such romantic moods of nature as we find translated by the large, breezy shades, the strange sunsets, the magnificent yet not dazzling color, of Theodore Rousseau, who has so fitly been termed "a naturalist continually seduced from nature by idality;" or the sometimes cold, yet always harmonious twilight melancholy of Corot, whose wondrous tone of unity wins upon us by slow and sweet degrees. The school of to-day is also true to nature, but not in so profound a sense; realistic imitation has, for the time, discredited romanticism, in art as in literature, and many art-lovers lament, with Jarden, that "the woodland Muse of France is now in mourning for the loss of her grand school of landscape painters," the contemporaries of George Sand. We may question, however, whether the romantic movement in musical and pictorial art, which so closely followed that of literature, was not rather "in the air," than an intellectual epidemic which the mass of artists caught from the example of two or three leaders. Perhaps the so-called "impressionist" school of to-day directly descends from Jean Jacques Rousseau, the literary grandfather of the modern landscape! Such revolutions, though of apparently sudden appearance, are always really gradual in growth, progressive, historical.

George Sand passed through better training in design and painting than usually falls to the lot of those journalists or magazinists who make a specialty of reviewing works of pictorial art. Her first teacher in drawing was Mile. Greuze, daughter of the celebrated painter. After her separation from her husband, before becoming aware that she possessed the necessary qualifications for a suc-

cessful literary career, Mme. Dudevant attempted to add to her income by painting cigar boxes, fans, and other fancy articles, in which attempt she failed to meet with much success. At this time she made an earnest study of the masterworks of painting to be seen in Paris; and she thus describes her experience in endeavoring to explain to herself the varieties and the differences existing in schools, subjects, types, and methods: "I went alone, mysteriously, to the Louvre, as soon as it was open, and often remained until it was closed. As I had no one to tell me what was fine, my growing admiration had all the attraction of a discovery for me; I was surprised and delighted to find, in painting, enjoyment as great as that I had derived from music. I interrogated my own feelings in regard to the obstacles or affinities that existed between myself and these creations of genius. I contemplated, I was subdued, I was transported into a new world. In fine painting I felt all that life is; a splendid *résumé* of the forms and expressions of beings and things, the outward spectacle of nature and humanity seen through the mind of the painter who places it on view. I beheld the present and the past together; I became classic and romantic at the same time; I had conquered an infinite treasure, the existence of which had been hitherto unknown to me. I could not give a name to the feelings that seemed to crowd my heated and yet dilated mind; but I went away from the museum under such an influence that I often lost my way in the streets, forgetting that it was necessary to eat, and knowing not whither I was going, until I suddenly discovered that it was already time to prepare for the opera, to hear *William Tell* or *Der Freischütz*." Passages in the "Voyage en Italie," "Les Maitres Mosaïstes," and others of her works, prove the extent of her studies in the art of painting, made during her tour through Italy, and testify to her keen powers of observation. Take, for example, these remarks on Benvenuto Cellini, in one of her letters: "We may observe in his works that he often undertook to execute a vase, and designed its form and proportions carefully; but, during the execution, he would become so strangely fond of a figure or festoon as to be led into enlarging one in order to poetize it, and displaying the other in order to give it a more graceful curve. Thus, carried away by the love of detail, he forgot the work for its ornament, and, perceiving too late the impossibility of returning to his first design, instead of the cup he had commenced, he produced a tripod; instead of a ewer, a lamp; in place of a crucifix, a sword-hilt. This, while satisfying himself, must certainly have dissatisfied those for whom his works were destined. While Cellini retained all the power of his genius, this enthusiasm was an additional quality, and every work of his hand was complete and irreproachable in its way; but after he had been tried by persecution, dissipation, imprisonment, and misery, we perceive that his hand became less prompt, his inspiration less firm, and he produced works of marvelous finish in detail, but of unconceivable awkwardness in their general effect. The goblet, the ewer, the tripod, the crucifix, and

the sword-hilt met in his brain, fought, agreed again, and at last found a place together in compositions devoid of form or usefulness, logic, or unity."

But, if we concede the power of friendly influence on the progress of genius, we may be allowed to suppose that the friendship between Mme. Sand and the distinguished Italian artist, engraver, and designer, Calamatta, was not fruitless in artistic results to both parties. Calamatta had been requested by George Sand's publisher to execute a new portrait of the lady for a new edition of her romances, and a life-long intimacy between the artist and his sitter was the consequence of this incident. To Calamatta she accords the praise of having been the most thoroughly trustworthy of all her friends. A sort of revival of the art of etching was at that time taking place among French artists, Delacroix and Daubigny foremost (though Jacques' earliest etching dates as far back as 1830), but no decline of interest in engraving had manifested itself. Calamatta lived in artist comradeship with another engraver, Mercuri, whose reproductions of Leopold Robert's delineations of the joy and beauty of Italian peasant life are so highly prized by amateurs. It would seem that little mental affinity existed between Mme. Sand and Mercuri; but Calamatta, to whose art we owe several remarkable portraits, and minute and patient reproductions of the creations of the ancient masters, taught her the processes of the art of engraving, and she, in return, aided him in various ways. One of her articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on Calamatta's copy (a masterpiece of engraving) of Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "La Joconde," — that type of mysterious beauty, with her fleeting smile of repressed emotion, — beginning, "Who is this woman, without eyebrows, with jaws heavily developed under their luxuriant roundness, with hair either very fine or very thin, with a somewhat dull, yet superhumanly limpid eye?" created a sensation in artistic Parisian circles of that day. George Sand's frequent intercourse with Calamatta enabled her thoroughly to comprehend the difficulties — similar to those that confront the reproductive musician in his performance of the masterworks of composition — with which the engraver contends. She truly says: "The engraver knows only the timid joys of genius, for his pleasure is constantly troubled by the fear that he may be led into becoming a creative artist himself. I would not venture to decide the difficult question as to whether an engraver should faithfully copy the defects and qualities of his model, or copy freely, giving scope to his own genius; but I think we apply the same principle to the translation of foreign books. In such a task I should prefer masterworks, and take pleasure in rendering them as servilely as possible, for even the defects of masters are amiable and respectable. Were I obliged to translate a useful but obscure and ill-written work, I should be tempted to write my best, in order to render its meaning as clear as possible. This accident of doing too well may happen to engravers who interpret rather than reproduce; and perhaps only a

genius among painters would pardon his copyist for having had more talent than himself." The portrait of George Sand at the age of thirty-seven, designed and engraved by Calamatta, is perhaps the most satisfactory portrait of her that exists; if somewhat idealized, according to the testimony of her friends, who have nevertheless pronounced the likeness astonishingly true, it presents her as those who never saw her imagine she must have looked at her best, with one of her most characteristic expressions, — rich, glowing, in the fullness of complete mental and physical development. The whole woman speaks to us from that face, or, indeed, seems concentrated in the powerful yet soft, contemplative, almost ruminative, large, dark, deep eyes.¹

Amid the supposed influences that, apart from the promptings and inspiration of her own genius, may or may not have actuated George Sand, we cannot forget the collaboration in the romances, "The Prima Donna," and "Rose and Blanche," of George Sand and Jules Sandeau, the young author, whom, on his separation from his wife, Baron Dudevant introduced to her as a possibly useful guide and adviser in literary affairs. There is a fine page of narration in one of her "Lettres d'un Voyageur," in the concluding sentences of which we may fancy we trace an allusion to the days of her collaboration with Jules Sandeau. It refers, however, not to authorship, but to etching, that art in which the capacity for feeling and expressing passionate emotion is so desirable, and the possession of which capacity perhaps rendered the lovers of whom George Sand writes, such fine etchers. I give the passage: "I care little about growing old, but I care much about growing old in solitude; yet either I have never met the being with whom I could have been willing to live and die, or, if I have, I knew not how to retain his affection. There was once a good artist named Watelet, better skilled in etching than any man of his time, who loved Marguerite Lecomte, and taught her to become as good an etcher as himself. For him she abandoned husband, fortune, native land. The world condemned, and then, as they were poor and modest, forgot them. Forty years after, people discovered that in the neighborhood of Paris, in a little house called Moulin-Joly, there lived two artists, an old man and woman, who etched together, sitting at the same table. The first idler who found out this wonder announced it to others, and the fashionable world hastened to Moulin-Joly to behold the phenomenon. A grand passion of more than forty years' standing! Two fine twin talents, ever assiduously employed at a beloved task! Philemon and Baucis during the days of Mesdames Pompadour and Dubarry! A new era! This miraculous couple found friends, patrons, admirers, flatterers, poets. Fortunately old age car-

ried them off soon after, or the world would have spoiled everything. Their last etching was one of Moulin-Joly, the little house of Marguerite, with this device, —

"Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?"
(Horace, Odes.)

It is framed and hung in my chamber, above a portrait, the original of which no one here has seen. For an entire year the person who gave me that portrait lived by a similar labor to that which partly supported me. Every morning we consulted each other about our work; every evening we supped at the same table, conversing on art, sentiment, and plans, and the future. The future broke its promise to us. Pray for me, O Marguerite Lecomte!"

(To be continued.)

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF THE OPERA.

BY WALTER B. LAWSON, B. MUS.

(Continued from page 20.)

(4.) NOTWITHSTANDING the large number of operatic works which find favor with the public, it would be difficult to select from amongst them a dozen libretti which meet the requirements of a healthy and educated mind. They are, for the most part, simply exercises from the vigorous trunk of the drama, and typical of that which is puerile, abnormal, or horrid. The education of the people, which is obviously the primary object of every art, the drama not excepted, seems to have been almost wholly disregarded by the librettist, and their entertainment, which we must regard as the secondary object, is so associated with depressing influences and morbid ideas as to become problematic.

Let us regard a few opera texts. Here is a cheerful one by Wohlbrück: —

The *Vampyre*, to which Marschner has composed such exquisite and withal realistic music, illustrates a period in the existence of a disgusting and unreal creature, which (in the character of a nobleman), to save itself from the pangs of hell, is compelled within a limited time to suck the blood of three innocent maidens, which deed is actually perpetrated or attempted within the knowledge of the audience; but, failing to carry out on a third victim the condition imposed by the Evil One, its consignment to the infernal regions naturally follows. Whatever may be good and virtuous in the remaining *dramatis personæ* is swallowed up in the hideousness of this monster.

We read that at a performance, at Athens, of Æschylus's tragedy of the Eumenides, the audience was so appalled, on the appearance of the Furies, that women lost the fruit of their womb, and children expired in convulsions of terror. These effects doubtless resulted from the terrible associations which such an apparition would have for the Greeks. With such a record before us, we may safely say, and this without urging the possibility of such extreme effects being produced upon a modern audience, that the act of witnessing a performance of the *Vampyre* might lead to distressing mental and bodily effects upon persons superstitious enough to believe in the existence of such creatures (and there are those who do), or even upon more enlightened spectators. I do not speak idly; I myself have witnessed the result upon a person of peculiar temperament.

The plot of *La Juive*, by Halevy, is even more revolting. A Jewish maiden is betrayed by a young noble, who afterwards causes her to be tortured and eventually to be cast into a caldron of burning pitch. There is not a very wide step from a fable of this kind to the reality

of employing criminals as actors and causing them to be burned, crucified, or otherwise done to death in the natural course of the drama, — a proceeding not unknown to history.

In *La Traviata*, female depravity is held up to the respect and pity of spectators, who, could they but see it in real life, would treat it with scorn and aversion. This sort of subject is somewhat freely run upon by French romancists, in whose particular province it seems that *die Spitzbuben sind alle ehrlich*, — all rogues are honorable.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte* carries us to another extreme, for notwithstanding all the endeavors which have been made to ascribe an importance to the libretto, it stands there an undeniable triviality. Even if there were any truth in the statement that it is illustrative of a certain period in the history of freemasonry, we should still fail to perceive its *raison d'être*, seeing that it is performed before others than freemasons, and that those of the brotherhood who witness its performance may be as ignorant of its meaning as those of the audience who have not been initiated into the mysteries.

In *Rigoletto* the dramatic action centres in a brutal murder and a body in a sack. *La Sonnambula* is a very harmless story written upon the moral-pointing and tale-adorning principle. *Don Juan* is stigmatized by Beethoven as a "scandalous subject," and so on.

We will now consider a text which both Beethoven and Goethe held to be one of the best, namely, that of Cherubini's masterpiece, *Der Wasserträger*, better known in this country, where it is so seldom performed, as *Les deux Journées*. Here we have no brutal murders, no torturing deaths, no fiddle-faddle about freemasonry which no one can understand, but a simple story which, from beginning to end, offers nothing that is ignoble or offensive to good taste, while it lays bare before us, in a manner that we can appreciate, some of the higher emotions of humanity. It is divided into three acts, each of which is short and decisive and pregnant with action, and but little change of scene is necessary: it is therefore easy of comprehension. Nothing further seems wanting than the exquisite music of Cherubini. As next in worth to this, Beethoven ranked the libretto of *La Vestale* of Spontini, and Goethe that of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.

Simplicity of dramatic form is the first desideratum, and whatever may be said respecting the dramatic unities, as insisted on by Aristotle and carried out in the Grecian drama, one thing is certain, which is that the plot loses nothing in simplicity by their observance; and since dramatists have thought proper to allow themselves every license in this respect, we find a corresponding intricacy of action in their productions. It will almost invariably be found that the greatest interest is excited in such plays as show a proximate preservation of the unities.

In conclusion of this section a word on a well-worn topic. The subject-matter of the drama of Wagner has been ridiculed as "mythical rubbish." It no more deserves the name than does Milton's "Paradise Lost." If accepted in the Wagnerian spirit as depicting, in a condensed form, the struggles of humanity, it is far from being rubbish. The difficulty of regarding it in this light simply results from its want of association in our minds.

(5.) The want of originality in recitative is a fact patent to every musician. This hapless branch of musical art has been in danger of becoming little better than a means of perpetuating worn-out phrases, of which we can assure ourselves by referring to any opera or oratorio scores that may be at hand. But even well-

¹ In *Lui et Elle*, that vulgar book which Paul de Musset wrote with the mistaken intention of defending his brother, but between whose pages he has forever buried that brother's reputation as a man of honor, Edouard (Alfred de Musset) says of Olympe (Mme. Dudevant): "Dark, and of a pale olive complexion, with bronze reflections, she has immense eyes, like an Indian. I have never been able to look on such faces without emotion. Her expression, not very mobile, yet assumes an air of pride and independence when she becomes animated, while talking."

seasoned recitative is perhaps more endurable than spoken dialogue, which causes a lull in the performance, although phrases such as sol, do, sol, mi, mi, fa, sol, sol, do, are well calculated to create "feelings unutterable" in the musician.

After a lapse of nearly three hundred years, opera, although very different in its character, has again become continuous recitative, and while we may decline to acknowledge the doctrine of a composer who imagines the possibility of dispensing with form, we must still give Wagner the credit for having introduced a little variety in recitative, disregarding the fact that musical critics decry his efforts as "awkward skips of fifths and sixths." In this and in many other respects opera will derive much good from the efforts of the modern-school composers.

(6.) If we may regard as the ideal of an opera overture one which, while being quite independent of the contents of the opera itself, is still so conceived that it prepares the audience for that which follows, paints the *dramatis personæ*, and suggests the action, then we may refer to the overture to Mozart's *Don Juan* as being the nearest approach to this ideal, for it borrows nothing from the opera but the motive of the adagio, while it is pregnant with suggestion. Some of his other overtures, although more admired, and indeed of a higher degree of merit when regarded simply in the light of concert pieces (notably those to *Figaro* and *Die Zauberflöte*) lack this essential property.

Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*, which is perhaps more favored than any other, is constructed on the "programme" principle. That this principle of construction is unjustifiable may be recognized in the fact that on a first hearing the audience must necessarily be ignorant of the drift of pieces extracted from an opera which has not yet been heard. The requisite knowledge would, however, be brought to bear upon a second hearing, when the work receives some sort of justification. There are other kinds of overtures, amongst which may be mentioned a kind which, being originally intended to prelude an opera seria, is made to do duty for a comic opera, or *vice versa*. At this we need in nowise feel offended, for we are well acquainted with the school from which such ideas emanate.

The reader will call to mind modern instances in which the overture is replaced by a short prelude of independent construction.

(7.) On this head there is much to be complained of. The total want of justification in cutting and warping an epic or dramatic artwork for musical purposes does not require to be demonstrated; and when we find that the very flower of artistic conception is involved, we are naturally struck with the enormity of the proceeding. The argument that this is mainly owing to the scarcity of good libretti and librettists, offers no excuse for those purveyors of words who dare to lay their sacrilegious hands upon the classics. The only form of subject-matter justly suited to the opera proper is the libretto proper, and it must be reserved for some cunningly devised art-combination, perhaps after the manner of Wagner's musical drama, to represent the classics in their entirety, — the only form in which dramatic works may reasonably be represented.

For an illustration of my meaning, I turn to Goethe's immortal masterpiece. Goethe looked to Beethoven for a setting of *Faust*, and he, of all musicians, was the one who might have attempted the colossal task; but when spoken to on the subject he exclaimed, uplifting his hands, "Das wäre ein Stück Arbeit" ("that would be a piece of work"), and he knew his weaknesses. It would be instructive to know Goethe's ideas upon *Faust* as an opera libretto, and still more

so to hear his opinions upon it as the libretto of M. Gounod's well-known opera.

It is quite possible to attend a performance of this at Covent Garden (Nilsson as Margherita), and bring away with one an insight which in some particulars may be broader and deeper than that acquired in the studio. Witness the canzonetta, "King of Thule," and the exquisite recitative passages which precede, interlard, and follow it, of the prison scene, and others; but for all this *Faust* ceases to be *Faust*, and Margherita is no longer Margherita. The wonderful and ineffable apparent in the drama no longer accompanies them; they simply become characters, in contradistinction to the beings which Goethe conjured up from the heaven-lit depths of his intellect. In fact we have a bare plot extracted from the work, and of course expressed in other language, and this language in a strange tongue; further, to meet the requirements of persons of various nationalities, the Italian libretto has been translated into most European languages. A libretto thus manufactured necessarily bears as much resemblance to Goethe's work as would a copy of the Apollo Belvedere, in which the muscular development had been roughly spoked, to the original sculpture. By the way, Gounod's opera offers the number of acts insisted on by the critical writers of Greece, namely, five, the mystic number of Plato, superseded in the Middle Ages by the number three,¹ and the result is tedium. Composers have yet to learn that a composition may be too long.

(Concluded in next number.)

MASON'S PIANO-FORTE TECHNICS.²

The only arts which lie within reach of the masses are poetry and music. It will be a long time before public art galleries will furnish means for contact with painting and sculpture in their highest and best forms. To the fountains of poetry all may go, and their draughts be measured only by their capacity.

In this music is at a disadvantage, since there must be a medium for expression, and thus the majority receive it at second hand. Undoubtedly the piano combines the greatest number of qualifications as a medium for the interpretation of music to the masses, and hence a means for their musical culture. Any attempts, therefore, to better the instrument itself, or render those who use it as a means for expression better able so to do, will be of benefit to music and the people.

It is a most wofully abused instrument, and grievous charges have been laid at its door, but it is nevertheless growing steadily in popularity, and justly, for no single instrument can take its place in the home. But with all this in its favor, how few get any culture out of it! The land is full of practitioners on the piano, but where are the students? We have many *players*, but where are those who can make it *speak* to the souls of their listeners?

I speak advisedly in saying that the greatest reason for this lies in a defective technical development, or rather, a *total lack of proper* technical development. We are met at the outset with this difficulty, that the technique of the instrument must be mastered before it can be a medium for intelligent musical expression. The popular idea of this, however, is such that the student revolts at the thought of technical work; and we cannot blame him, for it presents no intellectual or æsthetical allurements as ordinarily

¹ "Alle gute Dinge sind drei" is a common expression in Germany at the present day. The English "luck in odd numbers" may have had a similar origin.

² *A System of Technical Exercises for the Piano-Forte*, etc., etc. By WILLIAM MASON, Mus. Doc. W. S. B. MATHEWS, Associate Editor. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co., 1878.

brought before his mind. It is related of a noted musician, that during his technical practice he always had a book or paper to read. This expresses the popular idea that a technique is to be acquired by going through so many exercises, the mind having nothing to do about it. The majority of teachers (not including those who are musically illiterate) could give no clear definition of technique, and how can they know what technical development means? Scores of technical works have been written, and exercises innumerable, but one looks in vain for the principles upon which these have been formed, or a hint as to the mental processes involved. Are there any principles? What relation does the mind sustain to this matter? Can new life be infused into the dry bones of technique? I believe it to be possible to make it, if not a real pleasure, at least a means for mental and, to a certain degree, æsthetical improvement. It is the purpose of this paper to bring before the readers of the *JOURNAL* work, from the pens of Wm. Mason and W. S. B. Mathews, bearing directly upon these questions. It is a work based upon the physiology of mind and muscle, and their relations to one another, and is certainly a new departure in the right direction. One of the main objects of the work, and the key-note of the whole matter, is stated as follows: "The entire course of practice in this system is influenced very much by a desire to induce the *mental habits* on which good playing depends." Technique, in its essence, is the establishment of the proper relations between the mind as the seat of thought, and the mechanism by which that thought is to be expressed.

Technical development is therefore the growth of this relationship. This involves the idea of a mental and physical side, both of which, and their relations to one another must be understood by every teacher. These are the fundamental principles laid down in this work.

It begins with the physical mechanism, and considers "the bony frame-work, the flexor and extensor muscles, the interosseous muscles, and the thumb." Everything is clearly illustrated and explained, with the exception of the extensor muscles, which are not illustrated, and referred to only in a vague manner. The importance of these muscles, and the necessity for a careful study of the upward stroke of the finger, would have been impressed more fully upon the student's mind by illustrating and explaining them.

The important point, however, is not what *muscles* are used, but what are their functions and action, and their relations to the mind, for upon these depends the question of exercises and their treatment. Hence it makes a difference whether the following statement is true: "Each of these great flexor muscles (flexor digitorum profundus and flexor digitorum sublimis) acts on all the fingers, its action being determined into one finger or another by an act of will. In consequence of this it happens that the fourth and fifth fingers are able to strike as powerful a blow as the second or third, since all are acted upon by the same muscles." If this be true, why do we spend so much time trying to strengthen the fourth and fifth fingers?

The answer would be, because "the difficulty at first experienced in controlling these fingers arises almost entirely from their not having been previously accustomed to obey the will." That is: we have not been accustomed to determining the action of these great flexor muscles into those fingers.

But this does not suffice, because, after only a few attempts, one can determine the independent action of the fourth and fifth fingers, and when this is done, as great an effect should follow, if the whole muscle acts, as when we will it into

the first or second fingers, since the fingers in that case are simply so many points of contact, between the key and muscle. The facts are however, that but few ever secure the same results absolutely, even after years of labor. But there is a still stronger argument derived from the physical structure of the muscle.

It follows from the statement of the work that the muscle could have but one tendon, which divides into four, and in that case it would be difficult to see how the muscle could act through one tendon upon one finger when the one tendon has four attachments.

According to all anatomical plates, however (Gray, Wilson, Pancoast, and Encyclopædia Britannica), these muscles are represented as dividing into four tendons. Gray (Anat. page 307), after describing the origin of *digitorum sublimis*, says: "The fibres pass vertically downwards, forming a broad and thick muscle, which divides into four tendons," etc. Of *profundus digitorum* he says (Anat. page 308): "The fibres form a fleshy belly of considerable size, which divides into four tendons." (Emphasis is mine.) There is no mention here of one tendon. Wilson says (Anat. page 236): "The *sublimis digitorum* arises, etc. . . . It divides into four tendons." Of *profundus digitorum* he says the same thing. If there be four tendons it follows that a certain part of each of these muscles acts independently upon one finger, and another part upon another finger, and equality of finger touch depends upon making each of these parts, by assiduous practice, equal to one another.

Development of the whole muscle will not necessarily result in an equal development of all the parts, but an independent development of the parts will not only conduce to equality, but strengthen the whole. This will be referred to again. I cannot agree with the writers in passing over the lumbricalis muscles with the simple remark that they are unimportant. These muscles, from their conformation, and attachment at the base of the first phalanx, give evidence of being those most concerned in velocity, and for this reason anatomists have dubbed them the "fiddlers' muscles."

The second chapter is devoted to the "Relations of the Mind to the Art of Playing," "Mental Automatism," and "Laws of Practice." It is a concise analysis of the physiology of the mind, so far as it refers to piano-playing and its relations to the muscles. Automatic or reflex action of the muscles is an established fact in physiological science. It is what every pianist strives or should strive to realize. He literally studies to forget about his fingers, as the mechanism by which he expresses his thoughts.

There is in the brain a centre for the cognition of sound, which controls the motor centres of the muscles of the voice. This has been termed the "phono-motor" centre, and "it is an unusual strength or activity of this centre that constitutes the physiological basis of 'an ear for music,' or the ability to spontaneously imitate sounds of a higher order than speech." "Piano-playing 'by ear' arises from such an activity of the sound receiving and registering apparatus as enables the phono-motor centre to extend its operations beyond the vocal organs (as originally intended), and to seize upon and use the motor centre from which the arms, hands, and fingers are controlled in their usual employments, and in this way to reproduce the sounds which gave delight."

There is not only an automatism of muscle, but of mind. The centre of tone-thought can be taught to think for itself automatically, and leave the mind free for other thoughts. "Among the purely automatic parts of piano-playing thought are the scales, arpeggios on various

chords, and the disposition to complete the rhythm." Hence we ought to study to forget tones to a certain degree. The automatic action of the fingers ought to depend upon the automatic action of this centre of tone-thought. I say *ought*, because the fingers may be trained, and in fact generally are, to respond to the visual centre, while a tonal conception is totally wanting. This is the central thought of the whole work, and cannot be too strongly impressed upon the student's mind.

The laws of practice as deduced from these facts are: "First. The entire series of motions which it is attempted to render automatic—whether scale, arpeggio, cadenza, or what not—must be performed a considerable number of times without the slightest variation from the correct order or method."

"Second. After a considerable number of these performances, a more rapid performance of them is to be attempted."

"Third. When the passage can be played in the second degree of speed, then it is to be attempted in velocity."

"Fourth. Practice which includes mistakes is worthless, and worse than worthless, because in so far as it forms a habit, it is a habit of falsity."

It would have been more in keeping with the central thought of this chapter to have coupled the idea of motions with that of tones, since one object of technical development, and the more important one, is the establishment of automatic tone-thought. The term "practice" is so associated with that which the authors so much deplore, namely, slovenly work, that I wish they had substituted the term "study," thus making it read, Laws of Study. It will be seen that this is the most important chapter, since it is the basis of all that follows. And if there were nothing more in the work that is new and progressive, this alone would rank it beyond any work of its character.

C. B. CADY.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The fourth symphony concert (January 30) could not fail to be interesting with such a programme as here follows; and the interest was shown both in the unusual number of the audience and in the close attention and delight manifested from beginning to end.

Overture to "The Men of Prometheus" . . . Beethoven.

Concerto in D minor, for three pianos, with

String Orchestra . . . J. S. Bach.

(Allegro maestoso. — Alla Siciliana. —

Allegro.)

G. W. Sumner, J. A. Preston, and A. W.

Foote.

Second Symphony, in C, Op. 61 . . . Schumann.

Introduction and Allegro. — Scherzo. —

Adagio. — Allegro vivace.

Overture to "Anacreon" . . . Cherubini.

Phaeton: Poème Symphonique, Op. 39 . . . Saint-Saëns.

Beethoven's Ballet Overture, of his youthful period, light, buoyant, Mozartish, yet with plenty of his own native fire in it, was played with crisp precision and great spirit. The triple piano-forte concerto of Bach, in D minor, was heard for the first time here in an orchestral concert. In a more private way, that is, in a chamber concert, it was played as long ago as 1853, and with all the string parts represented, by Otto Dresel, Alfred Jaell, and William Scharfenberg. Several times since then it has figured, in whole or in part, in a piano-forte concert, with a fourth piano to represent the string accompaniments. This time it made its first appearance in the

great Music Hall, accompanied by all the strings of the orchestra. The first Allegro, in which all the instruments start off in unison, is perhaps not so exhilarating, nor so rich in interwoven independent melody of all the parts as that in C, which we heard last year; but it is strong, hearty, wholesome music, like the quickening hand-grasp of a strong, wise, genial friend. The Siciliana movement is a strain of heaven's own tenderest and sweetest melody, even more exquisite than that aria in the suite, of which the violinists make a solo. The finale has a sinewy syncopated motive, and rushes onward gathering force from all sides, like the mingling of many rills in the strong current of a brook. It was finely rendered by the three pianists, and such was the power and volume of the three noble grands, with all the string accompaniment, that the listener found himself fairly surrounded, — caught and held in the thousand arms of a resistless maelstrom of harmony. The flying spray or scud of light embellishments, cadenzas, etc., which the heaving mass gives out in the first piano toward the end of the several movements, was very delicately and distinctly done by Mr. Preston. Objection has been made to the placing of the pianos so far apart. It is true that they could not all be equally well heard, except from certain favored seats. On the other hand, if they had been brought together in the middle front of the stage, the sounds of the orchestral parts would have been practically shut out from the hall.

Schumann's great symphony in C has taken its turn with his three other symphonies, from year to year, since these concerts were begun. But never before has it made its mark so palpably as in this last performance. To many listeners it used to seem heavy, lengthy, morbid, and obscure. The biographers indeed refer the composition of the first movement to a sick and depressed period in Schumann's life. But what a wealth of musical invention and deep life experience there is in it! The ruminating, groping introduction is pregnant with germs which are wonderfully and beautifully developed in the intense and most imaginative Allegro, which now and then, to be sure, modulates into a most drooping, melancholy mood, but never ceases to be fascinating, while the unity of the whole is perfect. The Scherzo, with its two trios, is a most original and exquisite play of fancy; its form and humor haunt you after hearing it. The Adagio is of the tenderest and deepest that Schumann ever wrote; and the final Allegro has enough life and stir and vigor to sweep away all sickly vapors in the full career of manly deed and triumph. This symphony is extremely difficult, and very fully scored; yet it was remarkably well interpreted from first to last, and made a deep impression. We think there were very few persons in that audience who will henceforth call it tedious or obscure, although repeated hearings will reveal new beauties and new meaning. Mr. Zerrahn had reason to feel proud of his orchestra after that performance.

The graceful Cherubini Overture was keenly relished. The short introduction is somewhat formal and old-fashioned, but the Allegro is full of the delicate, fine fire of a genial, healthy, and poetic nature. It is anything but "programme music," yet the term Anacreontic may well describe its quality. It offers a fine opportunity for the violins, which was signally improved, for the men played it *con amore*. Nothing could be in greater contrast than the programme music which wound up the concert, the "Phaeton," by Saint-Saëns. It was first brought out here two years ago in one of these concerts, and made quite a sensation then. But it was found to contain qualities of a somewhat higher order than

what we commonly call sensational. With all that it has of startling, it is not mere "effect." It is essentially musical, and shows the artist hand. The pervading motive, the urging of the fiery steeds across the skies, though persistently kept up, never grows monotonous; it is developed, growing more and more engrossing, pregnant with catastrophe. It is relieved, too, beautifully, by a sympathetic second subject, a strain of pity and condolence, as if the nymphs and goddesses were watching the doomed youth with fear and sorrow; and as the chariot plunges from its course, how powerfully it is all worked up to the crashing climax, and how touchingly the whole orchestra subsides when all is over. It is decidedly the cleverest of all these modern French effect pieces that we have yet heard.

MR. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD'S Ten Piano-forte Recitals at his rooms, on Friday afternoons (each repeated on the following Monday evening), came to a close on the 24th and 27th ult. The last was most remarkable in programme and interpretation:—

{ Fantaisie, C minor Bach.
 { Fugue, C major ("Well tempered Clavichord"),
 No. 1 Bach.
 Sonate, Op. 111 (Last Piano Sonata), C Minor Beethoven.
 Maestoso — Allegro con brio ed appassionata
 — Arietta con Variazioni.
 "Isolden's Liebes-Tod," from "Tristan and
 Isolda" Liszt-Wagner.
 Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13 Schumann.

We must go to the great pianists, to the Rubinstein and Bilows, to find another who can master and commit to memory, and clearly, satisfactorily perform—in fact interpret—in one concert two such great works, and so immensely difficult, as the last Sonata of Beethoven and the great Variations by Schumann.

The Liszt-Wagner piece, too, was no trifle, one of the most impressive of transcriptions from that source; and the smaller things from Bach, with which, as usual, Mr. Sherwood happily commenced the concert, showed the true artist in the rendering. Hardly once or twice, if ever, have we heard these important compositions so clearly and expressively presented. The preceding recital (ninth), in which Mrs. Sherwood bore a large share of the burden, we were obliged to lose, and we can only give the programme:—

{ Prelude and Fugue, B-flat major, No. 21
 ("Well tempered Clavichord") Bach.
 { Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57 Beethoven.

MRS. SHERWOOD.
 Songs without Words, No. 1, E major, No. 3
 (Hunting Song) Mendelssohn.
 Moments Musicaux, No. 3, F minor, No. 4, C
 sharp minor Schubert.
 "In the Country," Op. 26 J. K. Paine.
 No. 9, "Farewell." No. 10, "Welcome
 Home."

Rondo in C ("Perpetual Motion"), arr. from
 Sonate, Op. 24, by Johannes Brahms,
 as a study for the left hand C. M. v. Weber.

MR. SHERWOOD.
 { Two Nocturnes, Op. 21, No. 1 and No. 2 Schumann.
 { Improromptu, Op. 90, No. 2, F-flat Schubert.

MRS. SHERWOOD.
 "Chorus of Dancing Dervishes," from Beethoven's
 "Ruins of Athens" (arranged
 for piano by) C. Saint-Saëns.

MR. SHERWOOD.
 A more rich and interesting series of Piano-forte Concerts than these by Mr. Sherwood it would be hard to recall. The mass, and the variety of compositions of the highest order, important works of all the greatest masters, was astonishing; and all given in the course of twelve weeks. Of Bach, some Prelude and Fugue, or Fantaisie, etc., formed the wholesome introduction of almost every programme. A Beethoven Sonata was almost sure to follow. Schumann, Chopin, Schubert, Mendelssohn, as well as Wagner, Liszt, and other moderns, were largely represented. And the interpretations, both by Mr. and by Mrs. Sherwood, were, with hardly an exception, of the most satisfactory kind. Such a draft upon the mental and physical resources of one man can hardly be appreciated.

THE CECILIA, on Friday evening, February 7, gave at Tremont Temple the finest concert thus far in the course of its three seasons. The crowd of associate members and invited friends were all made happy by the excellent performance of two cantatas, in extreme contrast to each other, but each admirable of its kind. The first was the sacred cantata by Bach: "Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis,"—or rather one half of it,—which was given entire a few years since in one of the symphony concerts. The selections this time included the short orchestral symphony which introduces the whole work, and the four numbers of the second and more joyous part. An excellent orchestra was provided, with Mr. J. A. Preston at the organ, and the chorus of mixed voices

was in fine condition. The beautiful recitative and duet, a dialogue between the Soul and Jesus, was sung with true expression by Mrs. G. A. Adams and Dr. E. C. Bullard. Every one must have felt the tender beauty and pathos of this music. Next came the quartet with chorus, in which a chorale in unison is so wonderfully interwoven: "O my soul, be content," etc., which grows and swells to a magnificent conclusion. Mrs. Jennie Noyes and D. Langmaid completed the quartet. Dr. Langmaid, in excellent voice, sang the tenor Aria: "Rejoice, O my Soul," to great acceptance; and then came the sublime concluding chorus: "The Lamb that was Slain" and "Amen, Hallelujah," which, though much shorter and more concise, is even grander than the final chorus of the *Messiah*.

Gade's romantic, highly colored "Crusaders" formed the second part—given for the first time here with orchestra, which put an entirely new life into it. Indeed, instrumentation is Gade's strong side always, and to leave out the orchestra in such a work is to leave out the soul of it. It was wonderfully descriptive and most fascinating in the enchantments of the middle part, entitled "Arnida." The young lady who sang the part of Arnida, Miss Annie Louise Gage, surprised all by the beauty of her voice (in which many recognized a strong resemblance in quality to that of Mrs. Harwood, who sang this part so finely when the "Crusaders" was first given by the Parker Club), and by her artistic and expressive style of singing. Dr. Langmaid was the Rinaldo, and was fully equal to the heroic tenor strains; and Dr. Bullard made the appeals and exhortations of Peter the Hermit very impressive. Altogether it was a complete and signally successful performance. The concert was repeated on Monday evening, but unfortunately without the orchestra, it being impossible to procure one on that evening; so that the accompaniments were represented on the piano-forte (Mr. Tucker) and the organ (Mr. Preston),—very creditably, it must be said.

We were unable to attend MR. EDDY'S ORGAN RECITAL several weeks ago, but a friend who did, and is competent to judge, writes us as follows:—

Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, director of the Hershey School of Musical Art, Chicago, Ill., the leading organist of the West, gave an organ recital in this city, before an audience of our best musical people, on Friday, Jan. 3, at the South Congregational Church, about which many of our best judges speak in unqualified terms of praise. It was certainly the most interesting organ recital given in Boston for years, both as to the quality of the selections and the manner of their presentation. Mr. Eddy's apparent ease, and absolute mastery of the work before him, no less than the dignified, strongly marked nobility of conception and the beautiful, harmonious taste displayed in phrasing and registration, made the organ speak with the eloquence of the human voice or violin, combined with the power and contrasts of a full orchestra. The Chopin Étude, a strong, quick movement, calling for great dexterity of execution, was less satisfactory, owing, apparently, to a lack of *timbre* in the organ, or to imperfect light and to a slight stiffness of mechanism in the instrument. The "Allegretto," by Guilmant, and the "Elevation," by Saint-Saëns, although characteristic of the modern French school, are hardly of sufficient musical value to stand beside the other numbers of the programme, whereas the Concert-Satz, by Thiele, is one of the most brilliant and at the same time solid and substantial examples of modern music yet heard. Below is the programme:—

1. Sonata in D minor, No. 5, op. 118 (new) Merkel.
- I. Allegro risoluto. — II. Andante. — III. Allegro risoluto. — Fuga.
2. Allegretto in B minor Guilmant.
3. Grand Prelude and Fugue in C minor Bach.
4. Sonata in G minor, No. 2, op. 77 Bach.
- I. Allegro moderato ma energico. — II. Adagio molto espressivo. — III. Allegro vivace non troppo.
- Dedicated to H. CLARENCE EDDY.
5. Elevation in E minor Saint-Saëns.
6. Grand Étude in C sharp minor Chopin.
- (Arranged by Haupt.)
7. "Marche Funèbre et Chant Seraphique" Guilmant.
8. Grand Fantasia in E minor ("The Storm") Lemmens.
9. Concert-Satz in E flat minor Thiele.

We have yet to notice the interesting concerts of the present week, including those of the Handel and Haydn Society, the Euterpe, the Fifth Symphony Concert, etc. In the Sixth Harvard Concert (February 26) the Brahms Symphony in D will be repeated, and Mme. Julia Rivé-King will play.

LADY CONDUCTORS.

A FRIEND writes us from Worcester (Feb. 11) as follows: A wave of musical excitement passed over Brooklyn on the first appearance of Miss Selma Borg, at the head of the late Thomas Orchestra. A ripple has passed over Worcester, the occasion being the presentation of Haydn's Toy Symphony, by Miss Mabel Allen, daughter of Mr. B. D. Allen, who, wholly unaided, trained and brought out an amateur orchestra, exhibiting musical skill and ability, and the steadiness and self-possession of a veteran. The performers were decked with gay-colored sashes and caps, and presented an attractive picture aside from doing their work well. The perform-

ance was satisfactory in every respect. Miss Allen was made the recipient of a beautiful silver baton and a basket of flowers.

The young leader is barely out of her teens, and considering the difference of years and experience, it was as great a triumph for Miss Allen to lead these amateurs, to whom the experience was new, as for Miss Borg to take the stand before a band of artists, all of whom were an assistance to her.

Both are to be congratulated on their successful position. Truly, woman's sphere widens in this nineteenth century!

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, FEB. 8. — A concert given by Mr. O. B. Boise, at Chickering Hall, on Thursday evening, January 30, commends itself to notice by the fact that the programme was entirely composed of the works of Mr. Boise. Every one knows that in these days, and particularly in our own country, it is very difficult for the composer of an orchestral work (unless he be already famous), to secure even a public hearing of his music, to say nothing of a recognition of any talent he may be fortunate enough to possess. Such being the case, the composer who imagines he has something to say must set aside all sensitiveness and boldly demand to be heard.

The action of Mr. Boise in thus taking time by the forelock was certainly commendable, and the composer had the ear of a large and very intelligent audience.

The concert began with a Symphony called "In Memoriam" and closed with a Festival Overture for orchestra and organ. The other selections were: "A Child's Requiem," for vocal quartet and organ; a Concerto for piano-forte and orchestra; and three songs entitled: "Good-night," "Cradle-Song," "There is fallen a splendid Tear."

The workmanship of the orchestral composition gave evidence of hard study on the part of the composer; and if his orchestral effects were not always entirely new and startling, it may be remembered that very few composers have reached greatness at a single bound, and that success is usually the result of cumulative efforts.

The best feature of the concert was the piano forte Concerto, which was charmingly played by Mme. Nanette Falk-Auerbach. The songs were effectively sung by Miss Emily Winant. Mr. S. P. Warren was the organist, and the vocal quartet consisted of Miss Helen Cary, Miss Mary C. Huss, Mr. C. M. Pherson and Mr. Geo. Martin Huss.

Dr. Danrosch gave his fourth Symphony Concert at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, Feb. 1, with the following selections:—

Symphony, No. 2, A minor (new) C. Saint-Saëns.
 Concerto for violin (Allegro) Beethoven.
 HERE AUGUST WILHELMJ.
 Overture to "Euryanthe" Weber.
 Serenade, No. 3, D minor Robt. Volkmann.
 String Orchestra.

Claconne J. S. Bach.
 HERE AUGUST WILHELMJ.

Lea Preludes: Symphonie Poem Liszt.

The symphony, by Saint-Saëns, is a highly colored, imaginative work, thoroughly French in style and abounding in really beautiful effects. The instrumentation is masterly, and the composition is characterized by elegance and refinement rather than by strength. It is pleasant to notice a gradual improvement in the orchestra with each concert. Dr. Danrosch has his men well in hand; much that was at first wanting in smoothness of tone and unity of purpose is now supplied, and their playing, on this occasion, was unquestionably excellent. The symphony did not go quite smoothly, in all parts, but the familiar and lovely *Euryanthe* overture, the "Serenade" for string orchestra, with "cello-obbligato" by Mr. Fred. Berguer, and the splendid tone-picture by Liszt, were most vividly presented. The nervous energy of the conductor seemed to be conveyed to the players, thus giving to the performance of the music the life and character which are necessary to every good interpretation.

The great violinist, Wilhelmj, is now no stranger here, but the wonder and admiration which he excites seem to increase each time he appears in public. It is admiration compelled, not sought for. The marvellous breadth, fullness, and purity of his intonation, the absolute accuracy of his stopping, the perfect ease with which all difficulties were overcome, and the noble spirit which animated the artist, were indeed enough to hold the audience breathless, during the performance of the concerto and the Bach Chaconne. At the conclusion of each, the silence was profound for an instant, and then the hearers, many of them rising, actually shouted with delight. As a consequence they had the pleasure of hearing Wilhelmj four times, instead of twice; the two additional selections being a remarkably fine transcription of Walther's "Prize Song" from *Die Meistersinger*, for violin and orchestra (transcribed by Wilhelmj), and a Romanza of his own composition.

If anything is lacking in the playing of so fearless an artist as Wilhelmj, the want may be defined in one word, *possession*. Given this, the result would be absolute perfection,—something not to be expected this side of Utopia.

A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 26. — Mr. Jarvia's fifth *soirée* was given last night. His opening piece was a Suite, Op. 91, by Raff, the one so frequently played by Mad. Schiller.

Its great difficulties vanished before the immense virtuosity of the executant, and afforded a fine contrast to the Chopin Notturmo, Op. 27, No. 2,—the same that the great violinist Wilhelmj has transcribed with such admirable effect and taste. In this delicate and tender *morceau* Mr. Jarvis displayed a neatness and clearness of execution truly admirable, and threw into it a degree of intelligent and refined expression to occupy our thoughts and feelings to the exclusion from memory of the remainder of this the most imposing programme he has yet performed in public.

Mad. E. Seiler gives monthly private concerts of her pupils at her school, 1104 Walnut Street, which are attended mostly by the parents, guardians, and friends of the young ladies pursuing their studies there, thus affording an opportunity of watching their progress and efficiency.

Your correspondent "assisted" at a recent pupils' entertainment, but was prevented by indisposition and the great heat of the room from hearing the whole programme; in fact he missed some of the more ambitious numbers. The company was large, and contained some of the *élite* of Philadelphia society, who seemed much pleased with the singing of the young ladies, and applauded heartily. The "American Lady's Quartette," a close imitation of the "Swedish Lady's Quartette" in manner and style of music, even to minor details, sang with a delightful intelligence and expression. They were recalled amidst great enthusiasm. The voices were well balanced, and showed the advantages of continuous singing together, which produces a sympathetic blending not to be heard under ordinary circumstances.

FEB. 7.—A short season of Italian Opera by Kellogg, Cary, Adams, Lazzarini, Pantaleoni, Conly, Kaufman, and Gottschalk, under the direction of Behrens, and management of Strakosch, gives me no opportunity of saying anything new, save to notice a new aspirant to public honors in the person of Miss von Elsler, from Springfield, Illinois, who is known on the stage as Maria Litta. As a vocalist she is very, very promising, and has made a most favorable impression upon our cognoscenti. Her voice is pure soprano in *timbre* and compass; her volume is not great, but sufficient; her execution is neat, clean, and brilliant; her trill is most facile and beautiful. The young lady is not as yet entitled to praise as an actress, nor would she be likely to supplant Helen in the affections of any modern Paris, but she has rare musical intelligence in addition to the qualities already enumerated, and that is much more valuable in the estimation of

AMERICUS.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 8.—To give your readers a more definite idea of the heightened musical activity of which Cincinnati can now be proud, it will be necessary to supplement the hasty letter in your last by a more detailed account of the work of the College of Music, and of the organizations connected with it. A simple, accurate statement of the present *status quo* is all I now propose. The large outlay needed to call into life at once an institution like the Cincinnati College of Music naturally compelled the business managers to advertise very extensively. If now and then, in doing this, good taste was made subservient to the policy considered necessary in view of the tone to which the public has become accustomed in all such matters, the circumstance that no complaints have been entered sufficiently establishes the fact that in no instance has the slightest deception or even exaggeration been practiced.

Among the many discriminating friends whom Mr. Thomas made as an orchestral director, there were not a few who hesitated to form or express an opinion as to his fitness for the directorship of an educational institution. If all doubts in that regard have not yet been dispelled, they bid fair soon to vanish altogether. Scarcely a week has passed in which a new feature has not been introduced, an additional link inserted into the chain of instruction, which it is intended shall become as complete as possible for diffusing a broad and thorough knowledge of the art of music. As soon as emergencies peculiar to our country, and especially to our section, have arisen, they have been met, and thus far successfully and with the best judgment.

In the instrumental and vocal departments the system in vogue in European conservatories is in general adhered to, with perhaps the exception that class instruction is less liberally employed, and more attention given to the individual. The authority which an institution of such dimensions gives to the individual teacher enables him to proceed rigidly, and without making any concessions, in employing a thorough and strict method, and, above all, in giving only the very best of music to the student. Not that for years this course has been indifferently pursued by the prominent teachers of our city; but the large quota of students furnished by the smaller towns of this and the neighboring States makes it possible to reach circles heretofore beyond the influence of conscientious instructors. One of the most noticeable and praiseworthy features of the course of instruction, however, is the effort on the part of the musical director, as well as of the teachers, to impress on the mind of the student the necessity of obtaining a good general knowledge of music, and cultivating the taste for good music, all of which can be done by attending the chorus classes, the private and public orchestra rehearsals, and the organ concerts, facilities which are offered to the pupils without extra charge.

The chorus classes are deserving of especial mention. The members of these are instructed in musical notation, sight singing, etc.; concise and clear definitions are given of

time in music, measure, bar, the construction of scales, the system of intervals, etc.,—all this according to approved and thoroughly digested methods. Hand in hand with these the theory classes progress. It will be evident to every one that by thus distributing the subjects more thoroughly, with concessions to the less talented, is made possible. The attendance on these classes is strictly controlled by carefully kept registers. The influence of these phases of instruction can scarcely be overestimated. Even the College Chorus, of which mention was made in the last letter, is subjected to this course; failure to attend on the chorus class arranged for the members brings with it forfeiture of membership of the College Chorus. These few remarks may give an idea of the high aim which the musical director has in view. The fruits are beginning to appear. But it would not be wise to anticipate too much.

As the programmes of the chamber and orchestra concerts given so far have been published in your journal, a few words concerning the organizations which execute them may not be amiss. For six years past we have had a standing orchestra, which was under the direction of Mr. Michael Brand, a musician of unusual talent and ability. Mr. Balenbergh, who had undertaken the management of the organization, found himself restricted during the first few years to drawing on the resident musicians only, as the orchestra, on account of want of permanent employment, was necessarily disbanded during the summer months. As soon as the hill-top resorts sprang into existence, however, he was enabled to keep the organization intact during the whole year, and immediately began to procure the services of the best musicians obtainable in other cities, until the orchestra during the last season, in its nucleus, consisted of very good musicians, some of them excellent. Mr. Thomas, on his arrival, secured the members of the Cincinnati Orchestra, as it was called, and supplemented it with such other musicians as he deemed fit. The progress made by this new organization, as *Concertmeister* of which Mr. Jacobsohn exerts an excellent influence, together with his quartet associates, Messrs. Baetens and Hartdegen, is really astonishing, and redounds to the credit of Mr. Thomas, who is proving himself more than ever before a most excellent director, and no less successful a drill-master of orchestral bodies. The string orchestra has improved remarkably in fullness of tone, precision, and intonation, while the unity and balance of the whole organization is becoming more and more satisfactory with every public performance. The pecuniary resources placed at the disposal of the director are such as enable him to have as many rehearsals as he thinks necessary, a decided advantage over similar bodies elsewhere. The programmes already published serve to prove that the works essayed at the different concerts are among the most difficult of orchestral scores. In the last concert a novelty was presented: Symphony No. 1, in D, of C. Ph. Emanuel Bach, a work of remarkable freshness and originality when the date of its composition (1776) is considered. The other numbers of the programme were triple concerto, D minor, J. S. Bach, performed by Messrs. Andres, Schneider, and Singer; Overture to *Magic Flute*; and the Pastoral Symphony.

In the last chamber concert Mr. Thomas made his final appearance as member of the string quartet. His duties have become so manifold and so engrossing as to make it impossible for him to devote enough time to the rehearsals for a good ensemble. His place will be filled by Mr. Eich, who for years has been considered one of the best of our resident violinists. Mr. Jacobsohn's extraordinary abilities as a violinist and musician are acknowledged throughout the country. Mr. Hartdegen, too, is so well known that he can forego any mention of his excellence as a cello player. Mr. Baetens combines with a perfect mastery of his instrument, the viola, a very extensive experience in England and on the Continent as a quartet player, while Mr. Thomas in former years gave the public frequent opportunity to judge of his qualifications as a violinist. With every succeeding concert the ensemble has improved noticeably; especially in the last two a warmth of tone color, produced by a more perfect balance of the different instruments, was apparent, giving promise of unusual excellence. The programme consisted of Quartet in E-flat, Mozart; Rondo Brillante, Op. 70, Schubert (Messrs. Andres and Jacobsohn); Quintet in C, Op. 29, Beethoven (with the assistance of Mr. Brockhoven). In the last number, especially, Mr. Jacobsohn displayed his wonderful technique, and, above all, his excellent musical taste and moderation in ensemble playing. The enthusiasm created was genuine and unaffected.—Mr. Whiting's activity continues with the most gratifying results, as is shown by the attendance on his organ recitals. The public is gradually coming to an appreciation of their artistic and pedagogical value. Among other numbers his programmes during the past week contained: Fugues, Bach; Prelude and Fugue in D minor, Mendelssohn; Andante and Finale from Fourth Organ Symphony, C. M. Widor; Canzona in A minor, Guilmant; Organ Study on Pleyel's Hymn, J. Baptist Calkin; Four Interludes to the "Magnificat" (plain chant), Whiting; Overture to "The Siege of Rochelle," Balfe.

ALPHA MU.

CHICAGO, JAN. 24.—On Thursday evening, January 9, the "Abt Society" gave its first concert. This society consists of a male chorus of twenty-four persons, embracing the leading voices of the city, and is to devote itself to the performance of four-part music. While its aim is but to produce music of a limited order (for all the part songs

that are usually given by societies of this character have about them a certain sameness), it will fill a place in our concert season, and do much to interest a large class of persons who admire music of this kind. It is very fortunate in regard to its active membership, for I have never heard better voices in a chorus of this kind. The balance of the parts is good, and the leading tenors are particularly strong, while the second basses possess voices of much power, voices which harmonize nicely, and furnish a good foundation of pure tone for the other parts to rest upon. Of course, as this was a first concert of a new society, after but some three months' practice, one can hardly expect more than a suggestion of possibilities. The programme consisted of the following numbers:—

"The Village Blacksmith"	Hatton.
"Evening"	Kunze.
"How came Love"	M. Frei.
"He's the Man to know"	Zöllner.
"Serenade"	Storch.
"Blest Pair of Sirens"	Mosenthal.
"Good Night"	Kirschner.
Pilgrim Chorus from Tannhäuser	Wagner.

They were assisted by Mr. Max Pinner, of New York, pianist, who played the following pieces,

(a.) Allegro	Scarlatti.
(b.) Nocturne	Chopin.
(c.) Polonaise, Op. 53	Chopin.

and the Tarantelle from Venezia e Napoli of Liszt. Also by a house vocalist, Miss Fannie Whitney, who sang "Noli Signor" from *The Huguenots* of Meyerbeer, and a song of Blumenthal's. Mr. Pinner was very well received, being twice recalled. He seems to be a truly intelligent player, possessing much refinement of taste, and is able to bring out a pure quality of tone from his instrument, without forcing it beyond its limit into the confines of noise. His interpretation of the gentle Nocturne of Chopin was particularly pleasing, and indicated that he had made a close study of the poetical nature of this composer, and that he was able to reproduce the dreamy sentiment of longing (which seems to be the idea in this Nocturne) with so much fidelity that the Chopin spirit was at least made plain to us. In the Liszt selection he was also very happy, and manifested the pleasing faculty of producing beautiful tone effects from the piano. His effort seemed to be, in all his playing, to interpret the works of the composers, rather than to astonish by any brilliant effect; and in thus placing self subordination in the representation of the musical intentions of others, he manifested an honesty of purpose highly commendable in these days of superficial show. Miss Whitney is a young singer who has yet much to learn, particularly in regard to the formation of pure tone. Like many young singers she forces her voice, hoping to gain volume, and loses thereby quality, which is surely a most necessary element in all musical tone.

On Monday evening, January 13, Her Majesty's Opera Company began a season of two weeks at Haverly's Theatre. As this company has been so recently in Boston it is hardly necessary to do more than record a few impressions. The first week we had *Carmen* (twice), *La Sonnambula*, (twice), *Nozze di Figaro*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the old stand-by, *Il Trovatore*. Indeed, taken as a whole, we have never had opera given as perfectly in the West, and for two weeks the enthusiasm of our musical people and the daily press has had very little limitation. The most perfect performances have been *Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Carmen*. The *Figaro* of Mozart suffered very badly, owing to a foolish quarrel between Madame Roze and Miss Hauk in regard to dressing rooms; in consequence of this childish difficulty the lovely opera was so badly mutilated as to be hardly recognizable; and the whole performance just escaped being a complete failure.

The "Gerster nights" have called out the largest numbers of people, and "standing room" has often been at a premium at the operas in which this gifted lady has sung. Indeed, gallantry may excuse me for passing by the splendid chorus, and the fine band, and the most worthy support furnished this charming singer, to notice more particularly the talent of the lady herself. I can remember no operatic experience that was more interesting than the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which Mme. Gerster took the title rôle. From the moment she sang her first aria, "Regnava nel silenzio," until the closing note of the "mad scene" in the third act, she held the audience spellbound. As we remember the gentle presence of this charming singer, and listen for the reëcho of those pure, melting tones, it is difficult to recall any vocalist who has made a more marked impression upon us than this lady. A number of singers have had as great flexibility and vocal technique, but no one has sung Lucia in my hearing who could so completely represent the idea of the character, even amid all the brilliancy of the music. In the "mad scene," where other singers have made the music a vocal display of execution, she undertakes the more difficult task of representing the heart-broken girl, maddened by her grief. The brilliant cadenzas with the flute seem to have a higher art in them than ever before. She renders the florid passages as if her attention had just been called to the music of the flute, and her madness took the form of mimicry; she imitated intuitively. The wonderful sympathy of her high notes is remarkable, for she is able to impress on them such coloring of tone that nothing seems unfitting the character she is representing. The very identity of the spirit is felt there,

manifesting the pure emotions of a noble soul. The careful manner in which she never allows a note to increase in volume at the expense of purity and sweetness is a lesson to all our young singers. Her *Aminia* in *Sonnambula* is also a very perfect creation. In the "Ah, non credea" the delicate purity of her tones, breathing a simple sadness that was most touching, gave such a lovely picture of the simple and pure maiden that the audience was hushed to perfect silence through deep sympathy with the character, as well as calmed by delight.

There is something greater in such singing than mere art. It is as if the spirit of song, mistress of all forms and powers, was manifesting her own pure thoughts in the most perfect and lovely manner. Splendid voices have sung to us before, larger and grander tones have been given, but for simplicity, purity, sweetness, and real feeling, Miss Gerster stands alone. She makes a little home for herself in every musical heart, and we shall love to remember her there with honest devotion.

In *Rigoletto* her powers have not so fine an opportunity to manifest themselves.

Miss Minnie Hauk had little to do the first week except to sing the part of Carmen and half of a part in *Figaro*. Her acting of the Spanish Gypsy was very fine, and she lent to the character power and dramatic consistency of which it is hardly worthy. We believe it is in no way a favorite rôle with her, and indeed it gives her but little opportunity to display her real ability and musical culture. In other parts she does herself much more justice. Madame Roze has been singing quite well, and had it not been for the "Gerster fever" would have attracted much attention for her honest efforts. As it was she had a warm reception. She sang in *Figaro* and *Il Trovatore*.

Sig. Campanini comes back to us a fine artist, and has met with an enthusiastic reception. Signori Galassi and Foli have made themselves favorites, and Sig. Frapoli has proved himself to be a careful singer; indeed the whole troupe have now a firm place in our esteem. C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, FEB. 5. — Since I wrote you last there have been five local concerts worthy of record. Four were chamber concerts by four young people, two brothers and two sisters named Heine. They range in age from fourteen to twenty-one years, and have been trained by their father to play the piano-forte, violin, viola, and cello. Their playing, if not that of mature artists, is interesting and musician-like, and worthy of the name of genuine interpretation. They are thoroughly at home in the whole range of chamber music, classical and modern, and read everything at sight. The programmes speak for themselves. The only mistake was in opening each with an overture.

(1.) BEETHOVEN. Overture: "Egmont;" String Quartet, Op. 18, No. 5; "Kreutzer" Sonata, Op. 47 (2d and 3d movement); Quartet, for piano, violin, etc., Op. 16.

(2.) SCHUBERT. Overture: "Rosamunde;" Duo for piano and violin, Op. 162, in four movements; String Quartet, posthumous, in G; Adagio and Rondo, posthumous, for piano, violin, alto, and cello.

(3.) MENDELSSOHN. Overture: "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Trio for piano, violin, and cello, Op. 66 (last three movements); Violin Concerto (2d and 3d movement); String Quartet, in E flat, Op. 12.

(4.) Overture: "Preciosa," Weber; Trio for piano, violin, and cello, (2d and 3d movement), Op. 54, *Fesca*; String Quartet, Op. 136, Allegro, *Raff*; Quartet, piano, violin, etc., Op. 47, *Schumann*.

The fifth concert was the 260th of the Musical Society, under the leadership of Prof. Miesler. This was the programme:

Overture: "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn. Chorus, with Tenor Solo, "The Young Cavalier." F. Möhring.

J. Oestreicher and Maennerchor. Aria from "Jessonda." Spohr.

Franz Remmert. Songs for Mixed Chorus Abt.

(a.) "I Must Sing Again."

(b.) "Come Gang with Me."

(c.) "Wanderer's Joy."

Unfinished Symphony (in B minor) Schubert.

"Past!" F. Möhring.

Maennerchor, with Baritone and Tenor Solos. Messrs. Franz Remmert and J. Oestreicher.

Songs for Baritone: —

(a.) "By the Sea" Schubert.

(b.) "The Two Grenadiers." Schumann.

Gypsy Life (Poem by Em. Geibel) for Mixed Chorus. Schumann.

(With Orchestral Accompaniment, by . . . C. Grädener.)

The orchestra seemed to be in rather better condition than at the previous concerts of this season. The whole concert was well done, the choruses especially showing improvement in precision and shading. Mr. Remmert's noble baritone voice was at its best in Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," as exciting and inspiring a song as he could possibly have selected. We are to be so fortunate as to hear him again soon.

Perhaps I ought to mention among our local concerts the Sunday concerts at Turner Hall by Chr. Bach's orchestra. These are primarily intended for amusement and recreation, rather than for culture; but the programmes not infrequently include such overtures as Mozart's *Magic Flute*,

Weber's *Freischütz* and *Oberon*, movements from Haydn's and Beethoven's symphonies, Saint-Saëns's *Phæton*, etc. They are reasonably well done.

Wilhelmj has been here again and played the Beethoven concerto in D most superbly. He grew on us all the time as virtuoso and artist. He had with him this time Mr. Emil Liebling as pianist. Mr. Liebling has a very sure and clear technique, and played Liszt's transcription of Bach's great G-minor organ fugue in a way that left little to be desired. I was not so much inspired by his rendering of the Chopin Scherzo.

I have further to chronicle a concert by the Mrs. H. M. Smith concert company, with a light but pleasing and creditable programme. Mrs. Smith herself seemed to be in her best voice, and sang with rare purity, precision, and beauty of expression. The whole company deserves favorable mention. J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO. — Good music is not without its faithful, able representatives in the farthest Western city of this continent. One of the most devoted and most influential for good, particularly in the fields of organ and piano music, was the lamented Joseph Trenkle, whose spirit and whose influence still live. He is well remembered and esteemed in Boston. Another Bostonian, a more recent emigrant, is doing a good work there. An important member of our Apollo Club, he has carried the good seed with him to his new home, where he inspires, teaches, and conducts the Loring Club, of which he is the father. It is composed of some fifty male voices, and its tasteful miniature quarto books of words and programmes, which we occasionally receive, are much after the model of the Apollo books; while its repertoire includes very many of the best part-songs given by the Boston clubs, confining itself thus far to this more modest sphere, and not yet undertaking such grand tasks as the *Antigone* music of Mendelssohn. Mr. Loring is endeavoring to gather a chorus of ladies, so that the Club may bring out music for mixed voices, including now and then a chorale, or other short work, by Bach.

Better still, San Francisco has its regular series of classical chamber concerts, string quartets, quintets, etc., all from its own local resources. These are given by the Schmidt Quintette, composed of Miss Alice Schmidt (Leipzig pupil), piano-forte; Louis Schmidt, Jr. (do.), violin; Clifford Schmidt, violin; Louis Schmidt, viola; Ernst Schmidt (Leipzig graduate), violoncello. All of the Schmidt family! So the *consensus* should be perfect. One of the local critics, honest and outspoken and a cultivated musician, writes of the fourth concert, December 6: "The keynote to the entire evening was struck in the string quartet of Haydn, with which the concert opened—Mr. Clifford Schmidt leading—of which the Menuetto was given with the most charming grace and humor. Mr. Clifford also placed a new feather in his cap—and a still larger one, I think, in that of his teacher, his elder brother, Louis, Jr.—by his really admirable playing of the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; the Andante, although beautifully played, suffered somewhat from the rather rapid tempo in which it has become the fashion of late years to play it (entirely uncalled for and mistaken, I think), but the Finale was a delightful performance in many respects. So was also that of the Variations Sérieses, by Miss Schmidt, who certainly showed great courage in attempting this most difficult and profound of Mendelssohn's piano-forte compositions, but who proved herself to be as nearly equal to the task of playing it as it is possible to be at her age. The enthusiasm of youth is rarely tempered with artistic reticence; young blood must be permitted its moments of gush. But I prefer it in mild doses, especially in Mendelssohn's music. The String Quartet of Schubert—the posthumous Allegro molto in C minor—a work of indescribable beauty, and one that made a truly profound impression on the audience, was one of the most perfect quartet performances I ever heard anywhere. Aware, as I was, of the great difficulty of this movement, both for each individual player and in the *ensemble*, I had prepared myself to be satisfied with a moderately good performance of it, and, indeed, should have considered this quite an achievement. But I was delightfully disappointed. Mrs. Tippet, who did not seem to be in her best voice, sang with the true musical intelligence and sympathetic style that characterizes everything she does. The first song, by Raff, was not well chosen, for her, since it should be given with a dramatic force for which her voice is entirely inadequate; the songs of Reinecke, with violin, he sings beautifully."

The fifth and last programme (December 29) included the piano-forte Quintet of Schumann, clarinet Quintet of Mozart, Gavotte of Bazzini for strings, Aria for violin by Bach, a Ciaccone for violin, by Vitali, Romanza for cello, by Bargiel, and the brilliant Capriccio in B minor of Mendelssohn (with quintet accompaniment) for piano-forte. Mrs. Mariner-Campbell sang an Aria from "Pré aux clercs" with obligato violin, and a "Slumber Song" by Oscar Weil.

Then again, still more important, San Francisco has, and has had for a quarter of a century, its own orchestra, which plays symphonies, etc.—a larger orchestra than we can command just now in Boston, and a very good one, as Mr. Zerrahn will testify, who conducted in the festival there

last June. The silver anniversary of the presentation of a baton to the conductor of this Philharmonic Society, Mr. Rudolph Herold, was to take place on the 23d ult. We have before us programmes of eight Orchestral Matinées given in two months (September 18 to November 20). They include, Beethoven: *Leonore* Overture, numbers 1, 2, and 3; Eighth Symphony. Mozart: Concerto in E flat for two pianos; Concerto for French horn. Haydn: Symphony in D. Schubert: unfinished Symphony in B minor. Schumann: Symphony in D minor (twice). F. Lachner: Suite No. 2, in E minor. Gade: Fourth Symphony, B-flat. Rubinstein: Ocean Symphony. Besides many smaller pieces.

CINCINNATI. — The President of the College of Music, in his statement to the directors, declares that the result so far exceeds his most sanguine expectations; that the school has already 283 pupils, with ample accommodations for from 500 to 1,000. It is complained that the weekly organ concerts are too much of a drain upon the treasury of the College.

The new College Choir will take up the following interesting works for practice with a view to public performance: Handel's "Hercules," composed in 1744, and originally styled an Oratorio (never yet given in this country); Schubert's Mass in E-flat; Verdi's "Requiem;" selections from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," and Bach's Cantata, "Ein feste Burg."

"The Musical Club" is the title of a Cincinnati institution of two or three years' standing, composed of most of the leading musicians of the city, who meet together in a friendly way on Sunday afternoons. They have usually a printed programme, but sometimes any one who feels like it plays. It has done much to promote a kindly feeling among the members. Occasionally a member submits a new composition to the criticism of the Club, and we are told that some very creditable efforts have been made in this direction. This Club paid a graceful tribute to the memory of Beethoven on the 108th anniversary of his birth (December 17, 1878), when the following programme was presented:—

(1.) Trio for piano-forte, violin and cello. Op. 70. No. 1. Geo. Schneider, S. E. Jacobssohn, A. Hartdegen.

(2.) Sonata, for piano-forte. C major. Op. 53. Armin Doerner.

(3.) Elegiac Song, for four voices and accompaniment of strings. Op. 118. Misses Ruth Jones and Emma Cranch; Messrs. Geo. A. Fitch and Chas. J. Davis.

(4.) Quartet, for two violins, viola, and cello. Op. 95. Theodore Thomas, S. E. Jacobssohn, C. Baetens, A. Hartdegen.

It is the Board of Directors of the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association who offer the prize referred to in our last. We quote from their announcement:—

"This association was organized for the purpose of elevating the standard of music. In the three festivals already given, it is believed that this object has in good measure been attained. The choral and orchestral works of the great masters have been worthily represented, and honest, healthy musical influences have been exerted upon large numbers of people. New works have been given upon these occasions. The directors of the association are, however, now convinced that with the resources of soloists, chorus, and orchestra available for the festivals, there is the proper field in this country for the display and encouragement of native musical talent.

"The association, therefore, offers a prize of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) for the most meritorious work for chorus and orchestra, the competition for which is to be open only to native-born citizens of the United States. This work will be performed at the fourth festival in the month of May, 1880.

"Five judges will be appointed to decide upon the merits of the compositions presented for competition. Three of these judges, one of whom will be Mr. Theodore Thomas, will be nominated by the Musical Festival Association. The other two judges will be selected by the three whose appointment is already provided for. Mr. Thomas will be president of the board of judges. The works offered for competition must not occupy more than sixty minutes in the performance.

"The full score and a piano score of all works must be placed in the hands of the president of the board of judges in Cincinnati, on or before October 1, 1879.

"The author of the prize composition shall own the copyright of his work.

"The association will pay the cost of its publication, having direction over the same, making its own arrangement with the publisher for such numbers of the work as it may require, which shall be free from copyright. The association shall have the right of performance at any and all times."

PITTSFIELD, MASS. — Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed in the First Church January 27, by the Oratorio Class of Mr. Blodgett's Music School, assisted by Mrs. H. M. Smith, soprano; Miss Florence E. Holmes, contralto; Mr. W. H. Fessenden, tenor; Mr. J. F. Winch, basso, and an orchestra from Boston; conductor, B. C. Blodgett; organist, E. B. Story.

